

# YOUTH'S COMPANION

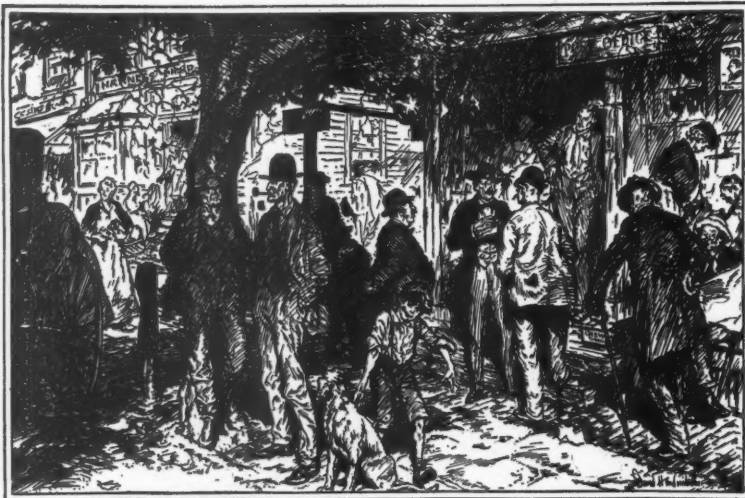


Wide World Photo

TEACHING HIM TABLE MANNERS  
Tommy Wallace, of Hatfield, Wis., feeding his bear cub

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## The Meeting Place

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## Mr. Peaslee on Saving a Dollar

By FRANK K. RICH

CALEB PEASLEE entered Deacon Hyne's gate so plainly laden with gossip that the deacon became curious at once. He made room on the bench where he sat, mending a hamestrap, and Caleb sank down thankfully, for the sun was warm and he had walked briskly.

"Out with it," counseled the deacon, "before you bust!" Caleb had the grace to blush a little sheepishly.

"Honest, Hyne," he said, "I hadn't really shaped in my mind what I was goin' to tell you—I'm most of a mind that it's too mean to tell about a neighbor.

"Not that what I've got to tell about Marsh Bailey is so dre'ful bad," Caleb excused himself hastily, "only when a man's so plaguey mean and close as Marsh is it ought to be a matter for pity, 'stead of a thing for his friends to make a mock over."

"Get ahead with it," the deacon adjured him callously.

"Wal," Caleb began, encouraged by the deacon's attitude, "you know what Marsh is about spendin' a cent?"

The deacon nodded.

"Three—no, four days ago," Caleb began, "Orrin Beebe traded a swarm of bees with Marsh for that old step-ladder that's stood against Marsh's barn for over a year. It was kind of shakky, but it wouldn't have been any good to Marsh if it was solid—that stiff knee of his fixes it so he can't get up a step-ladder. So Marsh figured he'd jest the same as made ten dollars.

"Orrin offered to hitch up and bring the bees over for a dollar; but Marsh wouldn't listen to that. That'd take a dollar right off'n what he was gittin'; so he never even considered it. But Orrin had got the ladder and gone off with it, so Marsh figured he'd got to git 'em home himself.

"That was a Tuesday and the next mornin' he started, takin' a wheelbarrow along; think of a man so fond of money he'd ruther wheel a load of live bees two miles than to pay a dollar to have 'em carted! But the wheelbarrow was like lots of things Marsh owns—bein' too close to pay a blacksmith for doin' a job of iron-work on it, it was ready to come apart; and before he got more'n halfway to Beebe's the wheel came off. So he didn't git the bees that day.

"Next day Marsh had to figger some other way to git them bees home and yit not lay out money for it; and he d'cided that, passin' bein' brisk along by Orrin's place, his best holt was to go down there and set, trustin' to chance that a neighbor'd go past that wa'n't scared of loadin' on a few bees and haulin' 'em home for him. So after breakfast he put off down to Orrin's and stayed 'round there all day, but nobody goin' his way showed up all day long, so Marsh made up his mind he'd got to be gittin' along home; but fust he arranged with Orrin to be sure and plug the hole after dark, so he'd be sartain he'd have all the bees in the hive that b'longed to him.

"Come yest'day mornin', though," he said, "what does Marsh, the d'mented critter, do, but go over to Orrin's with the idea of luggin' 'em home in his arms—a buglin' thing like a beehive to tote two miles in his arms, ruther'n pay for it!

"You know Marsh had charged Orrin to plug the hole in the hive; and Orrin done it—but not havin' a cork big 'nough, he used a wad of paper. Wal, Marsh had elected to go 'cross-lots home, and, gittin' over that brush fence in Lyford's pasture, some way or other the wad got loose,—ketch'd in the brush, likely,—and the bees begun to come out, slow at fust, but comin' faster all the time. Fust of it Marsh tried to plug the hole with his fingers, but they stung his hand so he had to quit—and then they did pepper him! He stood it as long as he could, and then he up and hove the hive and it struck on a rock and busted wide open—and that was the end of everything!

"He lost the honey," Caleb went on, enumerating the losses, "and he lost three days, tryin' to git 'em home; he lost the bees, for they swarmed and went off to find a hive somewhere else; he's losin' more time in bed, gittin' over the stingin' he got; and he's got to pay five dollars, anyway, to Doc Wheelden.

"And all that," he concluded, "to save a dollar that he c'd have paid Orrin and been nine dollars ahead on the trade."

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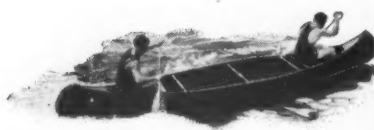
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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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"Kate!" he gasped. "Lay a-holt o' these lines with me an' help me slow down these pesky critters!" With renewed confidence both drew back with all their might

OLD LON BAKEBRIDGE, of Gooseberry, in Eastern Oregon, bore the reputation of being a contrary, disagreeable citizen. If any one had taken the trouble to hunt out his virtues, Lon would have scaled up with the average old-timer of his generation who had fought the wilderness and earned the right to be respected. But his habit of continuous fault-finding, in an indistinct, mouthing undertone, and his propensity to quarrel with his neighbors on the slightest pretext, placed him in a position of lonesome unpopularity. When he got rid of his horses and began to farm his ranch with mules, everyone said that he and the mules were well met. Their dispositions and their gruntings and groanings were alike, and they talked the same language. It was opined that they ought to do well together.

Lon did not have any particular grievance against his neighbor, John Hodge. His attitude was the natural consequence of his disposition. Even the pleasant fact that his daughter, Kate, was engaged to marry John's son, Ben, failed to soften his feelings toward his neighbor. He could not forgive John for being a little more successful as a wheat rancher, or for his wide-spread popularity as a man. These two items alone made him grumble when he spoke of John.

The morning that Lon hitched his driving mules to his buggy to pay his neighbor a visit, he was in such a cranky frame of mind that Kate almost refused his surly invitation to take the ride with him. The little patch of corn on which he depended for chicken and hog food had failed. Still more exasperating, John's corn crop had prospered, amazingly. There was no other corn to be had for miles in any direction. Lon was practically forced to go down to John's and lay in a supply, and he hated the thought of having to do it.

When Lon and Kate reached the line fence between the Bakebridge place and the Hodge place, Lon was surprised to see a party of surveyors at work. The chief of the party was sitting beside the road working on a book of notes. Lon halted his mules with a spiteful yank.

"What are ye fellas doin' here?" he inquired, uneasiness creeping into his suspicious soul.

"Trying to locate a section corner from which to run the lines on the Blake ranch on

## The Way of the Mule

By RAY PALMER TRACY

Illustrated by ARTHUR DOVE

the other side of the canyon," was the ready answer. "Those early-day surveyors must have run a lot of their lines by eye. There sure is a choice bungle at the intersection of these township lines. If anyone wanted to take the trouble and kick up a muss, he could pick a swell homestead right out of this wheat field."

"Which one?" inquired Lon with alarm. "That one!" replied the surveyor, briefly, jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the Hodge field.

"Oh!" said Lon, relievedly, clucking to his mules.

A short distance down the road, Lon broke into cackling laughter.

"That's a good one on John!" he chuckled. Suddenly, he turned and eyed Kate, shrewdly. "Kate, there's a rattlin' good chance for some young girl with her eyes open for an opportunity," he suggested.

"It would be a mean trick!" was Kate's judgment. "When we get down there, we can tell Mr. Hodge, and he can have Ben take up the homestead."

"Don't ye dare mention it to John!" snarled Lon. "It will serve that self-satisfied old coot jest right to lose a good big chunk off his place. Maybe he won't find so much to keep grinnin' about!"

Kate did not answer, but it was plain that she was distressed.

"Le's see, yer birthday was day before yesterday. That makes ye old enough to take up a homestead," mused Lon as though to himself. "Still, if ye won't, ye won't! Maybe I can git the new Gooseberry schoolmarm to take it up. She acts like a bright girl, ready to git ahead!" He glanced at Kate out of the corner of his eye. To his surprise, Kate was smiling. But the expression was gone so quickly he thought he must have been mistaken.

"Perhaps—perhaps, I'd better take it up." She hesitated with a show of reluctance.

Lon gave her a look filled with keen suspi-

cion. Under the circumstances, he expected more resistance. Such an act on Kate's part would undoubtedly jeopardize, even if it did not end, the romance between her and Ben. For an instant Lon's conscience pricked him. But the chance to put one over on John was too much for him. He throttled an impulse to consider Kate and give up the idea.

"That's the way to talk!" he grunted, approvingly. "We'll stop at John's an' speak for the corn, an' then we'll drive into town an' see the land commissioner."

JUST as Lon ushered his mules up to John's front door, Mrs. Hodge came out with John's linen duster flung over her arm.

"Oh, hello, folks!" she greeted. "Tie up your team and come in! I thought you were John and Ben. They're down to the barn hitching the pintos to the buckboard."

"We ain't got time to come in," replied Lon, eyeing the linen duster. "We jest stopped to speak for a couple sacks o' corn. Me an' Kate are goin' into town. We'll stop for the corn as we come back."

Ordinarily, with the freedom of country neighbors, Lon would have thought nothing of asking where John was going. With the homestead in the back of his mind he suddenly felt shy and nosy. He hesitated with the question trembling on the tip of his tongue. Still he felt it was necessary for him to know where John was going. He lingered by the door, endeavoring to spin out the conversation.

"Hookin' the pintos to the buckboard, huh?" he questioned, chiefly because he could think of nothing else to say. "I s'pose John's goin' some place," he insinuated with what he thought was great shrewdness.

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Hodge. "He and Ben are going into town to see the land commissioner!"

"Well, me an' Kate must be pokin' along," returned Lon, hurriedly. "If John's goin' into town, I can see him there. Giddap, mules!"

After the buggy had rattled round the first turn in the long draw that leads into Gooseberry Canyon, Lon glanced over his shoulder to make sure he was out of sight of the Hodge house. He then reached for his whip and laid it across the backs of his mules with unnecessary violence. In a moment he had them running at a wild gallop with a free rein. John's team of pintos were famous travelers, and John was a notoriously hard driver. Lon realized that, if he and Kate were to lead the procession into the land commissioner's office by enough margin to permit Kate to file on the homestead before John arrived on the scene, they would have to do some fast traveling. Once more he laid the whip across the backs of the mules, which were already doing their best.

The off mule flattened his long ears and gave his head a little shake. A moment later, the high mule performed a like act. If Lon had been a little better acquainted with mule nature, or if he had not been so engrossed in his project to humble John, he would have read the signs and put his whip back in the whipsocket. Instead, he continued to urge the mules on with a stinging rain of blows.

"So John an' Ben is goin' to see the land commissioner, eh?" Lon commented to Kate above the clatter of the swaying buggy. "This is sure goin' to be a nice little surprise for them!"

"Paw, we're coming to that steep pitch in the grade!" warned Kate, ignoring her father's exultant remark. She gripped the seat tighter. "Maybe you'd better slow down a little," she suggested. "It's awfully rough!"

Determined as he was to put one over on his popular neighbor, Lon could still see the wisdom of Kate's suggestion. He settled back on the lines, confidently, and uttered a determined "Wher!"

To Lon's surprise the mules gave no heed to either his voice or the bits. He took a quick turn of the lines about his hands, braced his feet, uttered a louder and more commanding "Wher!" and drew back with all his strength, sawing furiously. But, if anything, it seemed to Lon as if he had encouraged the mules to let out another link. The futility of his efforts and the speed with which they were approaching the dangerous grade unnerved him.

"Kate!" he gasped. "Lay a-holt o' these





Pawnee warriors, Black Arrow watched the grasses swishing. There must be a breeze out there, but again instinct told him that it was an unusual kind of breeze. It did not dip and sway the grasses like an ordinary wind, but made them swish and slide in a long snaky line that kept advancing toward the water hole. This was a bad kind of breeze, a queer one. Black Arrow stamped his foot and trumpeted shrilly, but no one paid any attention.

Suddenly there was a sharp, terror-inspiring cry—and out of that snaky line, where a supposed breeze had been playing, there burst great hordes of red warriors, horrible faces grinning beneath their war paint. Arrows and tomahawks were flying through the air. Everywhere was the invading tribe.

Taken off their guard, having expected an easy victory, the Eagle and his band were all confusion. They fought, but without purpose, killing few of the enemy, slaughtering many of their own warriors in their disordered frenzy. Meanwhile the air grew more choking, the clouds more oppressive, but grimy, bleeding warriors fought on. Never had that plain beheld such a wholesale massacre of the Pawnees.

HOPELESSLY outnumbered, taken by surprise, they finally rallied, and the invaders found themselves facing a determined line of grim, bloody warriors. Fighting desperately for their lives, their honor, their hunting-grounds, the Pawnees struggled on with a weary, dogged courage. Yet, everywhere they were pushed back—back, back beyond the water hole, back up the mountain trail to the bare plateau above. Courageously they fought, and desperately, only to find themselves slowly and surely driven against the perpendicular mountain side, which towered straight up above them. Now with their backs to the wall, on two sides steep and apparently unrideable drops, in front of them the enemy, the Pawnees went down to defeat. Noble even in their



And on Black Arrow went, with the Eagle on his back, until it seemed he could no longer stumble and slide down that rocky mountain side in that choking dust cloud

disgrace, fighting to the last warrior, they fell like a field of broken wheat before a merciless reaper. Only the Eagle remained. Weary and wounded, he longed for death,

longed to die—fighting. And then—his clouded brain seemed to clear. What would become of his people, said the tired mind—what would become of them, if he did not escape to warn them and help them take revenge?

The Eagle looked around wildly for any means of leaving. Two bloodshot eyes gazed wearily about and discovered Black Arrow, who had fled up the pass with the Pawnees. With one last, grim, defiant cry he leaped upon Black Arrow's back and rode over that steep and hitherto unrideable side of the plateau. Arrows rained after him as his mount slid and stumbled down the mountain side. A cloud of dust, kicked up by the sliding hoofs, hid him from view—and no single arrow reached its mark.

Once Black Arrow nearly slipped, where to slip meant death. Once he almost fell, where to fall meant to roll down the incline and crush his rider with him. Still, on and on he went, until it seemed he could no longer stumble and slide down that rocky mountain side in that choking dust cloud. His wide, pink nostrils became fiery-red air holes, which hurt him with every choking breath he drew. His deep chest heaved with a heavy, racking motion that seemed almost to tear him apart with every gasp. But all those signs of matchless endurance had not been a mere fraud—for that same endurance, together with the courage that beat in the great horse's heart, carried him on through that choking, terrible ride, until all at once he felt the cool grass of the prairie beneath his torn hoofs, breathed the clean, refreshing air of the nighttime and heard the cries of his Eagle's enemies grow fainter—fainter—and fade away far above him.

With joy in his heart Black Arrow drew what runners would call his second wind, and he sped away into the soft shadows of the darkness; a silent hero of the cool prairie, bearing his messenger safely through the velvet night toward home and his people. Black Arrow paid his debt.

MARCH had come, and a flock of wild geese on their way north had already been heard passing over, but the farms of the old home neighborhood were still buried under three feet of snow, and a clouded sky, with the wind northeast, gave promise of another snowfall before morning. "Oh, yes, of course we must still look for another month of winter," the Old Squire said with cheerful resignation; and Grandmother Ruth, who often consulted the almanac, remarked that three more snowstorms were predicted.

Nevertheless we were very cheery in the sitting-room that evening. Ellen had brought out the checker-board and challenged me to a game. She and I were now the only ones left at home. Naturally life was never the same there after Addison, Theodora and Halstead left us. Still we had our occupations and our plans for the future. What would life be without plans ahead?

I remember that we were in the midst of that checker game, moving quietly with little said, and I was fast getting the worst of it as usual, when Catherine Edwards came in. She had walked across the fields on her snowshoes and wore a troubled face. Since her father's sudden death two years previously Catherine and her mother had endeavored to carry on their farm with little to aid them.

Catherine glanced in amusement at our game, gave Grandmother Ruth a kiss and then said to the Old Squire: "I have come over to ask advice and see if you can tell me what to do. You know about our poplar lot over at the foot of the mountain, where the forest fire ran years ago? Now that a good price is paid for peeled poplar for paper pulp, mother and I have hoped that the poplar growth that has come up over there would in a few years more bring us a good sum. But something—hedgehogs, I think—is spoiling it, gnawing the bark from the tops of the trees.

"Yesterday just at sunset I heard a queer noise over that way. What made it I couldn't guess. It appeared to be a chorus of squeals, squeaks and squawks. As it appeared to be near our lot, I put on my snowshoes and went over there. More than fifty poplars have the tops gnawed bare. That will kill them of course. I counted nineteen of those destructive creatures high up in the poplars. Almost all of them went out of sight, but I am pretty sure they are hedgehogs. They probably feed at night. There may be a good many more, and they are ruining all that poplar growth! Now what can I do?"

## Mysterious Visitors

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HAROLD SICHEL

The old squire put aside his farm accounts. "Yes," he said, "hedgehogs do sometimes collect in numbers at this time of year, and they are worse than beaver about killing young growth."

"Mother and I cannot think what to do to drive them away," Catherine continued. "We have counted a great deal on that poplar, and it isn't quite old enough yet to cut for pulpwood. Do try to think of something, sir, that will help us save it! Is there any way to frighten them off?"

"They are very stupid creatures," the old gentleman remarked. "I'm afraid it would not be easy frightening them from so great a tract of timber."

"I don't think I would even mind poisoning them if I could!" Catherine exclaimed.

"As they eat nothing but the bark of tree tops like poplar, that too would not be easy," the old squire said. "But do you chance to have at your house an empty pork barrel, one that has brine in it?"

"Yes, two," replied Catherine. "They're down in the cellar and are heavy old things with lots of rock salt at the bottom. But why a pork barrel?"

The Old Squire laughed. "Well, it came into my mind that once when I was a boy I made use of one to lure hedgehogs," said he. "Like all other herbivorous animals, hedgehogs seem always to be salt-hungry. That is owing to their food perhaps. Deer will travel fifty miles to get to a salt lick. Moose and buffalo will do the same. We have to provide salt, you know, for all our domestic animals. We might contrive to trap your troublesome quill pigs with those pork barrels. The time I once tried it was one spring when six of them came into a young orchard and began gnawing the bark from the tops of the trees. An old hunter living near us told me about this. 'Put out a pork barrel that is well soaked with brine and build a pen around it,' he said. 'Leave just a small hole at one side so the critters can creep in. They'll smell that salt a mile off and make for it. Then 'bout midnight you take a good long club and steal up to the hole. They're such clumsy critters, you can knock 'em all on the head before they can get away.'"

"I did as he directed and disposed of all

six of them the very first night I watched. We will come over to your place tomorrow, Catherine, with two hand sleds and help you about it," the Old Squire added, laughing, for he saw that she looked a little puzzled how to proceed with such queer trapping.

"Yes, Kate, we will all put on our snowshoes and come over and help you!" Ellen exclaimed.

As the effort bade fair to be attended by considerable labor, I called on the Murch boys, Willis and Ben, to lend a hand. They came with their axes and a hand sled; Willis carried his gun. Shortly after noon next day—the storm had cleared up—we tramped to the Edwards farm, hoisted the pork barrels from the cellar, loaded them on sleds and then plodded across the hilly pastures to the poplar lot; Catherine and Ellen accompanied us.

There was a tract of twenty-five or thirty acres of this poplar growth intermixed with a few hemlocks. Some little damage had evidently been done; the pale green of the poplar tops showed brown in spots where the bark was eaten; and at a distance we sighted a number of the quilly trespassers ensconced high in the tree tops. Willis was about to try the effect of a shot, but the old squire advised against this, since it might injure the success of our trapping project.

Although generally called hedgehogs, these creatures are in reality porcupines, and are often known as Canada porcupines. On an average they weigh about twenty pounds, but large specimens sometimes attain a weight of thirty-five pounds. Of all American rodents they are the most inert and the least interesting. Generally speaking, they lead solitary lives, spent mostly in tree tops, but at certain seasons, usually early in spring, they associate by night sometimes in considerable numbers, when their strange squeakings and squealings may be heard a long distance, often to the great alarm of inexperienced persons abroad by night.

THE two pork barrels were drawn nearly midway of the tract of poplar, set in the snow and left open at the top. Afterwards

stakes about seven feet long were cut from saplings, and an inclosure perhaps ten feet in diameter was made round the barrels; the stakes were set close together and driven through the snow to the ground. On one side there was a little gap about a foot wide. There a few grains of the rock salt were scattered in the snow to a distance of fifty yards or more round the pen. The snare was now complete, and we then went home as we had come. The Murch boys promised to go over the next day and see what had happened.

But that evening about ten o'clock Catherine came hastening to the Old Squire's. She had been too anxious to wait until next day and had gone over to the lot by moonlight at eight o'clock to see for herself; and her first words to us were, "There are some of them in the pen! They are gnawing those barrels! I heard their teeth going *kerrump, kerrump!* But I don't quite dare attack them myself."

The Old Squire advised waiting till morning.

"But won't they get all the salt they will want before that time and go back to the poplars?" Catherine objected.

That seemed possible, and I decided to go over to the lot with her. We set off on our snowshoes for the long walk and, on reaching the place approached very quietly to within fifty yards of the pen, then stopped to listen. Sure enough, porcupines had already found their way to the barrels, and the sound of their teeth as they gnawed the staves and hoops was very suggestive of salt hunger.

"Now you go and destroy them," said Catherine expectantly.

Having come so far, I felt obliged to make the desired effort. I cut an alder pole about eight feet long. We took off our snowshoes, and while Catherine was stealing up to the back of the pen to frighten the rodents out I posted myself at the gap. At length when they rushed forth one after another I succeeded in acting as executioner with savage whacks of the pole. Within two minutes five of them lay kicking in the snow. Although it was obviously a necessary slaughter, I could not but feel that it was butcherly business. Very cautiously on account of the quills we made a pile of the carcasses and buried them in snow at a little distance away from the pen; then we went home in triumph.

"Yes," the Old Squire assented when I described my feelings next day, "to kill animals is always repugnant to one's best



instincts, but as human beings now live there seems to be no escape from it. We could not dwell on the earth otherwise."

Ben and Willis visited the pen next night and destroyed six more porcupines. They also caught sight of a fox stealing away from the heap I had made and saw where it had dug through the frozen snow. Acting on this hint, they set a number of traps there the following morning. Foxes and wolves also prey on porcupines—and suffer accordingly from the quills they encounter.

The Murch boys caught two foxes, a black cat, or fisher, a mink or two and a "lucivee"—all attracted to the feast of porcupine flesh. In fact Willis and Ben became so intent on the opportunity thus offered for trapping that after that they took full charge of the Old Squire's project for saving the Edwards poplar lot. In the course of a week they destroyed thirty-nine porcupines and pretty nearly rid the lot of their troublesome presence.

But my story is mainly of a trip there one night about the eleventh of March, after the moon had waned a little. The Murch boys had called at our place on their way to the lot, and Ellen, Catherine and I went with them. The Old Squire also put on his snowshoes and accompanied us.

THERE was a thin mistiness in the air that by moonlight rendered all objects singularly dim. "Ghostly" was the way the girls described it. So still was the air too that the creaking of our snowshoes on the soft snow was uncannily distinct; it was a night such as sometimes comes towards the last of winter. As we drew near the barrels a small animal scuttled swiftly away from the snow-scattered heap of dead porcupines. There were no live porcupines inside the pen. As we stood peeping into it there suddenly appeared from nowhere as it seemed three great white birds, circling low over the place, looking immensely large in the semi-obscure. Round and round they sailed with a kind of tireless persistence, but without so much as an audible flap or flutter of their broad white wings, and the only sound of their passage through the air was a faint snapping sound. Ben had a gun, but seemed not to think of shooting. In truth we stood there staring at the apparition as if under a spell; the birds seemed so white and unreal. And I remember

that Catherine whispered, "My, they look like angels—Nature's white angels!"

They continued to emit that strange snapping sound—from their beaks, I suppose. It seemed to me too that I caught the gleam of their great fiery eyes.

"They are owls, white owls," the Old Squire said at length. "I think they must be snowy, or arctic, owls, though it is rarely that this species comes so far south as this."

We were there at the pen for fifteen or twenty minutes, the owls did not once alight, but continued circling tirelessly about, snapping their bills ceaselessly. It was likely that they might interfere with the Murch boys' trapping; but Ben refrained from firing at them, and we left them to help themselves as they pleased.

Next night Willis found them still there feasting off porcupine; and now a plan oc-

and Ben carried the net to the poplar lot, set it after the old-time manner over the heap of frozen porcupines and then trained the line by means of which it was sprung to a blind constructed of boughs forty yards away. There they lay in wait.

BETWEEN ten and eleven o'clock that evening they succeeded in entangling two of the owls beneath the meshes. The third escaped and was seen no more in those parts. After a lively struggle in which both boys were sharply clawed more than once the captured birds were enwrapped in the folds of the net, brought home in triumph and later liberated in the dark loft of the granary at the Murch place. There they were kept captive for two weeks and fed on what was left of the porcupines; and they made the nights dismal at the Murch farmhouse with their discontented hoots and moanings. Catherine, Ellen and I went to see them several times, but they kept to the darkest corner of the loft and were far less impressive in captivity than when we first saw them hovering over the snowy poplar lot.

I wrote to Cousin Addison, who was then a student of zoology under Prof. Louis Agassiz at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and informed him of the capture of the snowy owls; and in behalf of the Murch boys Addison effected a sale of them to a certain Professor Ward of Rochester, New York, who then dealt in wild animals for public zoos and parks. The owls were sent in a crate to Rochester, and I believe the boys received fifty dollars for the pair.

Catherine thought that Willis and Ben should have divided the sum with us as partners in the venture, but the Murch boys did not see the matter in that light. I recall that the Old Squire laughed when informed of this, but declined to express an opinion.

This is one of the five instances known to the writer where the snowy, or arctic, owl has found its way as far south as Oxford County, Maine. This winter is the fifth instance, and I hear that during the past month they have been seen as far south as Cape Cod. They are strikingly beautiful birds, and I always think of them as seen on that winter night at the poplar lot, when Catherine christened them "Nature's white angels."

time of it, as you know, but we've always been happy together."

He hardly heard the latter part of her statement. The fresh breeze was blowing more strongly from the south now; the delicious, natural odors of the spring night were in his nostrils. He looked at Amy, and Amy turned her head after a moment and looked at him.

PERHAPS half an hour later they entered the house together, and Amy lingered in the hallway while Tom entered the parlor where Philander Boyden was seated in his armchair, reading by the light of the student lamp. Aunt Hattie had gone to bed.

"Well, Tom," he said, lowering his book, "not going home so early in the evening, I hope."

For no good reason at all Tom Taylor was suddenly very much embarrassed. He had always liked Mr. Boyden, and during the past half-year the two had become intimate and friendly; but now the young man's knees actually trembled under him, and he hardly knew what to do with his hands; they seemed suddenly to have grown huge and cumbersome. He put them behind his back, then thrust them into his pockets, only to withdraw them immediately and put them behind his back again. He was sure his face wore a silly, vacant expression, and he was just as sure he would stutter when he talked.

He gulped down a lump in his throat and in a voice meant to be pleasant and natural replied, "N-no, I'm not going home—I mean not just yet. It's such a pleasant evening."

"Yes, so it is; so it is, to be sure," replied



In truth we stood staring at the apparition as if under a spell; the birds seemed so white and unreal

Arctic, or circumpolar, owls they undoubtedly were, which the recent very cold weather and deep snow had probably driven southward in quest of food. Adult owls of all species are for the most part solitary hunters, but here were three in company, being perhaps from the same brood and no more than a year old. As seen by moonlight the plumage of those owls looked to be perfectly white, wings and bodies alike. Evidently it was the heap of frozen porcupine flesh that had attracted them, but, although

curled to him for capturing them. In the garret at the Murch farm there was an old pigeon net, used for ensnaring passenger pigeons forty or fifty years previously, when vast flocks of these vanished birds devastated the fields of Maine farmers and were caught under long nets elevated over "pigeon beds" formed of chaff and grain. In those days pigeons were put down in pickle to be eaten in winter as partial compensation for the havoc they made.

Saying nothing to their neighbors, Willis

#### IN NINE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 8

A DAY or two after Beatrix had refused Howard Martyn's proposal, she wrote a long letter to her sister, hinting at what had taken place. It was one of Beatrix's characteristic letters, partly capricious, partly serious.

"I made an important decision the other day," she began in a casual manner; "at least it was important to me and, I suspect, to one other. In short I decided to remain single for the rest of my days! It isn't the first time I've made that same decision since I came to New York, but this time my mind is fully made up—forever!"

"I know you'll smile, Amy, when I tell you that I'm beginning to tire a little of my work for the Home Art Magazine. I don't really know why I should; I have everything my own way, and at times I feel like a queen who can do no wrong. I always seem to want something just ahead of me. You remember I felt like that when I was with the Gazette; then later I wanted something bigger than Modes. Well, it's the same old story over again. I'm keeping my eyes open for something big. Already I've several offers that would bring me in more money than I'm earning now from the Home Art Magazine, but they're not big enough to warrant a change. When I fly I want to fly high!"

The letter rambled on and on, touching on various other matters close to the heart of Beatrix.

Meanwhile in Kingston Amy's affairs had been moving with a simplicity and naturalness that were characteristic of her whole

## The Home Girl

By DAVID LORAIN and ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

life. One evening toward the end of the month Tom called at the old house a little earlier than usual. Amy and her father and Aunt Hattie were seated on the square side porch, discussing flowers and gardens. Tom joined them, and they all continued to talk until the afterglow had faded from the sky and the first stars were beginning to appear. Then the two older people rose and entered the house.

"Shall we go in, too?" inquired Amy. "I like it out here, if it's not too cold for you," said Tom.

"No—not too cool for me. This is the time of year and the time of day I like to be outside."

Tom rose from his chair and seated himself on the old-fashioned painted settee that Amy was occupying. For a long time they sat there in silence, watching the stars and listening to the night noises all about them—the low monotonous rumbling of the factories to the east, the far-off purr of motors along the state road to the west, the occasional barking of a dog, the puffing of a freight locomotive somewhere to the south. The fires at the city dump across the road were still burning, but a corner of the house hid them from the two young people; never-

theless they could smell the smoke from them and also from the factories; but at times there came a puff of balmy air from the south, carrying with it the odor of moist spring earth and young leaves.

Amy smiled at Tom in the increasing darkness, and he smiled in return. Neither spoke; both were content for the time merely to enjoy the presence of the other—that true test of friendship and perfect understanding.

"Do you like living out here on the edge of town?" Tom said at last.

"Yes," was the reply. "It's home to me—and I should love my home no matter where it was."

Tom's heartbeat quickened. He moistened his lips, then he said: "That's how I feel about our little place. Sometimes mother frets, and wishes we could afford one of those new single houses over on Washington Avenue, but do you know, Amy, I think I'd feel like crying if we were to leave our little place. It's queer what an attraction there is about a fellow's home. It's because I've always been happy there—that's probably why I like our place so much."

"Yes, that's the reason," observed Amy. "That's why I like it here. We've had a hard



Mr. Boyden. "The air is actually balmy, isn't it?"

Poor Tom had to fortify himself again. He reached into his pocket and drew forth his handkerchief; with it came a stray penny, which struck the rug and rolled to the bare boards at one side of the room, where, after spinning musically for a few seconds, it finally came to rest.

"There it is yonder, just behind the chair," observed Mr. Boyden.

Tom, who had intended to let the penny lie there, now crossed the room and picked it up. "Mr. Boyden," he began desperately, "Amy and I have just had a talk together. We,—you know I've been coming here for quite a long time and, well,—we've decided that we want to get married." He passed the handkerchief over his moist forehead and stood there shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

Philander Boyden removed his *pince-nez* and laid his book upon the table. He rose from his chair. "Tom," he said soberly, "have you considered this step thoroughly?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

Philander Boyden nodded his head gravely several times. As Amy had hinted in one of her letters to Beatrix, her father had suspected the truth; nevertheless he appeared much moved by Tom's words.

He lifted his head and, advancing a step, stretched forth his hand. "Tom," he said simply, "may you both be happy, as you deserve to be!"

At that moment Amy, radiant and smiling, entered the room and threw her arms about her father's neck.

It was all very quaint and old-fashioned in its formal simplicity—the kind of scene that must have been enacted there more than once, perhaps in the same room, in those less free and easy days when the house was young; its very simplicity made it the more touching, and augured well for the future. It seemed to Amy odd that she should think of her sister at that most happy moment of her life; but she remembered Beatrix's letter and wondered at the light and capricious manner in which Beatrix had said that she was going to remain single for the rest of her days.

THE announcement of Amy's engagement to Thomas Taylor was formally made the next week, and the notice appeared in the *Gazette*. Amy found herself a much-talked-of person in the small town. Everyone seemed to take a personal interest in her; and, curiously enough, all seemed to reflect in their faces the happiness that she felt.

The day of the wedding was set for the end of June, after which they were to take a two-weeks' honeymoon trip to the Adirondacks. On their return they would go at once to housekeeping in a home of their own. For this they were indebted to Aunt Hattie.

Amy announced one morning at breakfast that she and Tom thought it best to begin their married life in the old house. Her father would be lonely without her, she pointed out, and of course there were the two boys—they were both in their teens now and needed some capable person to take the place of their mother. She could not think of leaving them with only a hired housekeeper to see to their needs.

"So you see my marriage won't inconvenience you at all," she said brightly. "Everything will go on just as it did before."

Thereupon Aunt Hattie spoke up in her blunt, decisive way. "Amy," she said, "that don't seem to me a good plan at all, you and Tom starting in your married life here among relatives, when both of you want a home of your own. The way for young folks to do, when they're first married, is to strike out for themselves. Married life ain't all sugar an' honey; you'll have problems to meet, and the way to meet them is alone by yourselves without anybody to interfere. I've lived a lot longer in this world than you have, and I've had a chance to observe and learn; and I know that young folks, when they're married, will do a whole lot better by themselves. Relatives don't usually mean to interfere, but they often do even when they only intend to be kind and helpful. I've seen it cause trouble more than once. Now here's what I want to say—your father and I have talked it over, an' he sides with me, don't you, Philander? I have no ties back home any more, so I propose to stay right here and keep house for your father and for the two boys, who to my way o' thinking won't be any the worse for a guiding hand that knows boys like I do."

And so the matter was settled in that way

—and a most satisfactory way it seemed for everybody.

Beatrix was seated at her desk beside the window overlooking Fifth Avenue. In front of her on the blotter lay a long letter from Amy, telling of her approaching wedding. It was both affectionate and shy as Amy's letters usually were, and it ended with the hope that her sister might be able to spend the last week-end of June at home; the marriage was set for the last Saturday in the month.

BEATRIX had been free from what she termed "the blues" for a long time. But now, with Amy's letter fresh in her mind, she felt the old gnawing once more at her heart. Was it worth while after all, this constant striving for success? Reviewing the past, she was obliged to admit that she never had been really content since she came to New York. Always she had been bettering herself; each year she achieved some fresh success in the business world; each succeeding year found her earning more money than she had earned the year before. Still she was not satisfied. "But you will be when you've reached the top!" a small voice seemed to whisper to her. Yes, it seemed so; and yet—

Miss Oliver, her secretary, entered at that moment with a small white card, which she placed upon the desk. Beatrix picked it up and read the name, "Paul Gordon," and in one corner, in smaller type, "The Artgraph Master Film Corporation, New York and Hollywood."

"Mr. Gordon has an appointment with you," said Miss Oliver.

"Have him come in," said Beatrix.

The man who entered was stout and short, with small brown eyes and a broad chin that showed dark despite his barber's care. "Miss Boyden?" he said. Then, "I'd like a few words with you, if you can spare the time."

"Yes, it's quite private."

"Well, I guess a little lady as smart as you doesn't need a long description of the motion-picture industry. Probably you know just as well as I do how much there is in it for features of real merit."

He paused, looking at Beatrix.

"I am the president of Artgraph Master Films," he went on. "Some of my associates thought we had better meet you socially—maybe at luncheon, for example. You see, we have a proposition. We think it will be the biggest feature ever put before audiences, the biggest feature of its kind, I mean."

"I would rather discuss it with you here," said Beatrix.

"I thought you would," said stout little Mr. Gordon. "But walls have ears, as the saying is, and our proposition is entirely confidential until you have accepted it."

"Mr. Gordon, this office is private."

"Sure it is," he agreed, in his slightly imper-



One evening toward the end of the month Tom called at the old house a little earlier than usual

fect English. Mr. Gordon seemed to roll his words around in his mouth before uttering them. He spoke with a strong foreign accent. His face, as Beatrix studied it, showed the privations through which he had passed. Fortunes in the motion pictures have not been made without great effort and struggle. Mr. Gordon had started among the pioneers, when motion photography was hardly more than a scientist's toy. He had lived from hand to mouth for years, knowing poverty and even hunger. There had been days when, after paying his actors and other workers, he had nothing left for himself. The risks of the business are great. But now Mr. Gordon had won his place in it; and many people who despised him for his lack of culture would not have had the courage to face the hardships which he faced.

Beatrix wondered what his "proposition" would be. She knew that he was shrewd enough to surround himself with excellent assistants. There was a college professor on his staff, whose duty was to advise him on literature. A famous mural painter supervised Mr. Gordon's settings for pictures. Other experts were frequently called into consultation. But what could he want from

Beatrix? She did not have long to wait his explanation.

"Well, coming down to business," he went on, "our proposition is to take the society and fashion pages of the magazines and present them regularly on the screen. People like to read about Mrs. Goucher's social functions, you understand, and the gowns she wears, and her trips to Europe or Palm Beach. The newspaper society editors and the magazine editors have no difficulty in getting this kind of news from the social secretaries. Society leaders like to see their names in the newspapers and society magazines. You see what I mean?"

Beatrix nodded. In her heart, she thought that people who read "society news" must have very little else to do with their time. But she knew that Mr. Gordon was telling the truth. There is widespread public interest in the doings of society people.

"Suppose instead of just seeing in the paper that Mrs. Goucher gave a *débutante* ball to her daughter," pursued Mr. Gordon, "suppose people could see that ball—the hundred-thousand-dollar decorations, the walls covered with American-beauty roses and costly tapestries, the *débutantes* and young men of society arriving, the special entertainments during supper, like a song by Caruso himself, or some other great artist—well, Miss Boyden, wouldn't that make a hit with the audiences? And that isn't the half of our proposition!"

He went on to explain, in his purring voice, that Artgraph Master Films wanted to show how the rich people furnished and decorated their own homes, wanted to present exclusive new styles from the famous Paris dressmakers even before the magazines could print them, wanted to picture in intimate detail the automobiles, the servants' liveries, the daily life of the millionaire society people of America.

"That's quite a proposition, ain't it?" he concluded, rubbing his hands together. "Now, Miss Boyden, all we need is the *entrée*. You know what I mean. We got to have somebody to take charge of everything; somebody who can get the social leaders to do what we want."

Even while Beatrix secretly despised the little man for his own evident respect for "society," she nevertheless admitted to herself that his proposition, as he called it, was quite sound and logical. She knew that many rich people who crave publicity for their doings and spendings could be easily persuaded to have camera men record them for the great motion-picture audience. All that was needed was a special director whom they knew and could trust to show tact and discretion.

"We need the *entrée*," repeated Mr. Gordon, pronouncing this French word as if it had been English. "We know you can give it to us. You know the people we are after, and they know you."

Again Beatrix nodded.

"We've checked up on you," said the little man. "We're ready to start production at any time, and the sooner the better. We know your present contract with Home Art will expire this month. It's my business to know things. Now, I guess you'd rather not discuss salary at this meeting, but if you will think it over I can tell you that no reasonable suggestion will be refused."

"What do you call reasonable?" Mr. Gordon had discovered, during the talk, that Beatrix was a good listener. "Sensible, smart, a good business woman," was his mental appraisal of her. Nevertheless, he had not expected her to discuss money so early during the negotiation. Mrs. Neal Goucher had recommended Beatrix to Mr. Gordon. Her recommendation had convinced him that Miss Boyden was the very best special director he could find. He had carefully considered probable expenses as well as probable revenue, and he was prepared to offer her forty thousand dollars a year.

True to his tradition of haggling, he decided to start with a lower figure.

"Shall we say twenty-five thousand?" he said.

Beatrix said nothing.

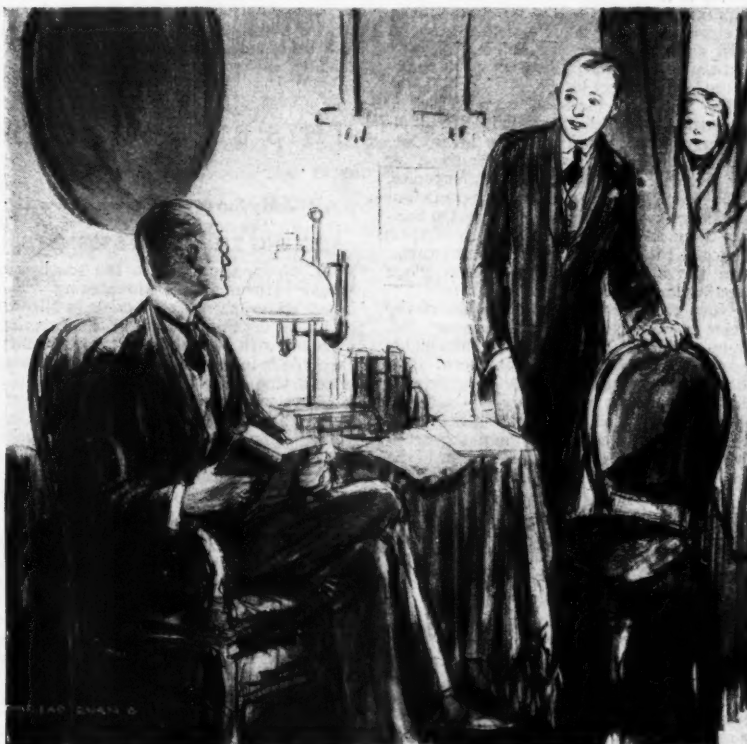
"We could do a little better, maybe," suggested Mr. Gordon, after a pause. "If we can give the public, for the first time, authentic pictures of society, of society entertaining and of interior decorating and fashions—well, we could surely say thirty thousand the first year, and more to come afterwards."

"Is that your best offer?"

He nodded, smiling.

"Thank you," said Beatrix, rising. "You will hear from me."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.



Tom gulped down a lump in his throat and in a voice meant to be pleasant and natural replied: "N-no, I'm not going home—I mean not just yet"



## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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### FACT AND COMMENT

**F**ORTUNATE people have one weakness which they seldom correct. They think that unfortunate people are always so through their own fault.

**T**HE CRAZE for government supervision and control of the affairs of the people has reached the limit when a Congressman can seriously propose that there shall be a Federal commission to oversee the professional baseball leagues!

**A**LTHOUGH FIFTY SENATORS voted for the Lausanne treaty with Turkey and only thirty-four against it, the provision that a two-thirds vote is necessary defeated ratification. American citizens in the former Ottoman Empire now have no legal rights or means of protection whatever. That two-thirds restriction is a continual and irritating obstacle to the proper conduct of our relations with other nations.

**N**OT THE LEAST SERVICE of the Near East Relief is the sanitary work it has done in the old Greek city of Corinth. For years a plague of malaria-bearing mosquitoes has tormented the city. When the Near East Relief began planting some of the Greek refugees from Turkey in the neighborhood, it set to work to make the region a fit place to live in. The methods employed to rid Panama of malaria and yellow fever were copied, and now, after three years, the mosquitoes are under control, and the Isthmus of Corinth is as healthy as it is beautiful.

### SOPHISTICATED HUMANITY

**T**HERE is no doubt about it; we are getting blasé. We have seen so many marvels accomplished before our eyes that nothing surprises or moves us any more. When the first message passed over the Atlantic cable between England and the United States everyone was thrilled by the magnitude of man's victory over time and space. People talked of nothing else for weeks. There were celebrations in both countries. Here in Boston they wheeled a battery of artillery out on the Common and fired off a salute of a hundred guns. Congress voted a gold medal to Mr. Field. He was hailed as one of the greatest benefactors of the race. Everyone was excited.

The other day radiotelephony was successfully established between the same two countries. When you come to think of it the achievement was more astonishing by far than the laying of a cable. The stranded wire beneath the ocean did furnish a visible channel through which the message could pass; similar wires above ground had long been carrying similar messages. But now we have the human voice itself thrown across three thousand miles of water without the help of any vehicle except the ether—if there is an ether. It is not dots and dashes caused by making and breaking an electric current that we hear. It is an American talking in his natural voice to an Englishman; Mr. Gifford conversing quietly with Sir Evelyn Murray across three thousand miles of water. What could be more wonderful!

But no one has been much excited about it. Mr. Gifford and Sir Evelyn Murray talked commonplaces, almost banalities to each other. Other distinguished persons used the radiotelephone on that first day, and their conversations have been reported. They were, if possible, even more trivial. No one rose to the level of the occasion. It

was just one more improvement in the facilities for long-distance communication.

The public has taken it all with equal equanimity. No one talks much about it or expresses anything more than a languid interest. The fact is we are surfeited with wonders. We are sophisticated; a little bored by the succession of astonishing triumphs of human intelligence and ingenuity. We doubt if there is any further conquest over the forces or the limitations of physical nature that would occasion another discharge of artillery on Boston Common. But what if some one could teach humanity to conquer its own limitations; to command intelligently its own powers of thought; to put its prejudices, its follies and its greed beneath its feet? That would be a marvel well worth celebrating.

### WHAT A GROUP OF GIRLS DID

**I**T is a matter of common knowledge and of frequent comment that, although the Girl Scouts' organization is much younger than that of the Boy Scouts, it has shown a relatively faster growth and a greater vitality. What is the reason? Something—perhaps it might not be extravagant to call it an event—that took place in Newton, Mass., may throw some light on the matter.

For three days in the early part of the month of January the Girl Scouts of the Metropolitan District of Boston held a conference that they themselves originated, planned and conducted, the purpose of which was to do for their organization the very thing that the directors of the Boy Scouts have tried so hard to do; namely, to keep and turn back into the organization the interest and services of those who have already attained the highest rank.

Let us see how well the girls did their job. First they formed a committee of twenty-six, and several subcommittees. The group in charge of housing made arrangements for the 370 visiting delegates to be cared for free, as guests of local Girl Scouts or in the homes of other friends, and they found citizens enough who were willing to furnish cars and drivers to take the girls to and from their lodgings. Another committee prepared a card catalogue in which every visitor was represented by a card which showed where she was to be housed and who was responsible for her transportation. At the registration table when the conference assembled in the high-school hall a welcoming committee greeted the girls and distributed red badges for the executive committee, blue ones for the visiting delegates, white ones for other guests, and yellow for representatives of the press.

On Saturday, the second day of the conference, the girls served a luncheon to all the delegates. They chose the menu themselves, on the basis of their Scout training in cooking and economy, the cost less than thirty-five cents for each guest and the character such as would meet the approval of any dietitian; and they cooked the food themselves in the school kitchen.

The subjects discussed were "How to Keep the Older Girls Interested," "Community and Home Service," "The Ideal Captain and the Ideal Scout," "Carrying on After the Merit Badge is Won," and similar topics. Each was opened by one of the Scouts and carried on by others from the floor. On Sunday the girls attended the churches of their choice in the forenoon and in the afternoon held the informal, non-sectarian religious meeting known as the "Scouts' Own."

Now, the girl who was chairman of the whole conference is just sixteen years old. None of the delegates was more than eighteen. The average age was fourteen. Isn't there something heartening in the knowledge that girls of that age can do of their own initiative and their own intelligence what these girls did, and do it so admirably well? Does it not bring a new answer to some of the criticisms of the younger generation?

More often than its elders suspect, youth knows what it wants, and it is not coddling but freedom to plan and to do. When it has that freedom it is quite as likely to choose the path of public service as the path of selfishness and frivolity.

### WHAT IS A "LIFE" SENTENCE?

**M**ORE than once The Youth's Companion has called attention to the encouragement offered to crime and lawlessness by the uncertainty and inadequacy of the sentences passed by our criminal courts. We are moved to refer to that unfortunate state of affairs by the remark of the parole commissioner of Illinois that two young men who pleaded

guilty some time ago to the peculiarly deliberate and savage murder of a little boy, will be eligible for release from prison in 1935, after serving only eleven years of their life sentences.

At the time when these young criminals were tried, those who believed in capital punishment were openly indignant that the death sentence was not imposed. Those who are opposed to capital punishment—perhaps a majority of the people of the United States—were agreed that the enormity of the crime and the necessity of protecting society against such clever and malevolent offenders required the confinement of these young men for life. Everyone supposed that, when the judge passed upon them sentences of life imprisonment for murder and ninety-nine years imprisonment for kidnapping, those sentences meant something definite. Now we are told by those who administer the laws of Illinois that they meant so little that these young criminals may be at large again in their early thirties. What sort of use can we imagine they would make of their liberty?

Illinois is not the only state where prison sentences do not mean much. In Missouri, for example, a life sentence in practice means less than eleven years in confinement. The "good behavior" and parole laws operate to set murderers at liberty within that time. In plenty of other states similar conditions exist. There is a good purpose to be served by parole laws, certainly for certain kinds of crime, and for offenders who exhibit certain hopeful indications of reform. But the mechanical process of turning everybody out of jail, if they have not been shockingly incorrigible prisoners, at the end of a mere fraction of the term for which they were legally sentenced, helps to make our criminal laws what they now are—almost farcical in their inadequacy. An attempt to put an end to that state of affairs has been made in one state, however—New York. The Baumes laws, so called from the legislator who introduced them, limit the possibilities of parole or of early dismissal from jail in the case of serious crimes and oblige a life sentence to be passed on a man convicted of his fourth felony. The laws are already under attack as being too severe, but we hope they will have a long enough trial to show whether or not they do have an effect to diminish the number of flagrant crimes.

We Americans are accused by a shrewd Englishman, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, of being "soft in the wrong places and hard in the wrong places." Whether or not so sweeping a charge is true, we are apt to be soft in one wrong place. Most of us have forgotten the fact that, if there is to be any punishment whatever for offences against society, that punishment must follow swiftly upon the crime, it must be definite in character, and it must be insisted upon. Punishment that is doubtful, vague, and sure to be carried out only in part, is not much better than no punishment at all. It offers, as we have said, actual encouragement to law-breaking and crime.

### THIS B WORLD

A Weekly Survey of Current Events

#### SETTING THE STORM SIGNALS

**T**HE diplomatic skies to the southward have grown more threatening. The United States, through the crisis in Nicaragua, seems drifting steadily in the direction of trouble with Mexico. And the possibility of trouble is increased by the disagreement between this country and Mexico over the land laws which recently went into effect, and by the feelings that have been aroused by the action of the Mexican government in asserting its restrictive authority over the religious organizations in that country.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

**A**S for Nicaragua, President Coolidge has sent a message to Congress, reciting the grounds on which he acted when he sent American ships to Bluefields and American marines to Managua. He explained the basis of President Diaz's claim to the office he holds, and asserted that the other Central American republics as well as the United States regarded him as constitutionally chosen and looked upon Sacasa as a revolutionary, who was acting in defiance of the treaties which the five Central American republics negotiated in 1923. He further declared that there was plenty of evidence that

Mexico was assisting Sacasa with guns and ammunition. That, if true, is the reason why our own relations with Mexico are in danger of growing worse. Senator Borah, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, is frankly opposed to everything our government is doing in Nicaragua. He believes that Sacasa has the best right to the presidency, and that we have no business to interfere in support of Diaz. Other influential Senators, especially on the Democratic side of the chamber, are equally opposed to the presence of our forces in Nicaragua.

#### MORE "REVOLUTIONS"

**M**EANWHILE the situation was not at all improved by the appearance at El Paso, Tex., of a revolutionary manifesto, signed by one Joseph P. Gandara, calling the Mexican people to arms, designating René Garza as political chief of the "revolution" and Gandara as its military head. Garza and Gandara are refugee Mexicans who are ardent Catholics, and who have hitherto been active in the resistance of the Catholic party to the religious decrees of the Mexican government. The movement does not appear to be important in itself, but it offers serious possibilities of inflaming our relations with Mexico. At the same time it was learned that the Mexican government had arrested the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Michoacan and five bishops of that church had been arrested and ordered deported to Cuba.

#### TALKING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

**R**ADIOTELEPHONY is an accomplished fact. On January 7 a commercial service between New York and London was opened and a number of conversations without the aid of either telegraph or telephone wires took place, between officials of the telephone companies and between the mayors of the two great cities. Since then the service has been in daily use. The charge for wireless conversation is at present \$25 a minute.

#### LABOR AND THE COMMUNISTS

**A**MERICAN labor has shown little responsiveness to the efforts of the Communists to swing the trade unions over to the support of "class war" and the "dictatorship of the proletariat." The American Federation of Labor is firmly opposed to Communism, and few individual unions are infected seriously with the doctrines of the Reds. But in the garment trades, manned largely by natives of Russia, the Communists have had some success, and recent strikes in New York and in Passaic, N. J., have been declared and directed by Communist leaders. The workers, however, have gradually become dissatisfied with the policy of these leaders, who aim, not at a successful strike, but at one that will increase and embitter bad feeling between employers and workers. The Passaic union has got rid of its Communist leaders, and now the general board of the garment-makers' organization has removed the Communist officials of two of its largest unions—the cloakmakers' and the dressmakers'.

#### ANOTHER FARM-RELIEF BILL

**T**HE Curtis-Crisp bill is the latest measure proposed in Congress for dealing with the troublesome problem of overproduction and consequent unsatisfactory prices in wheat, cotton and corn. The bill would appropriate \$250,000,000, to be put at the disposal of agricultural cooperative societies to enable them to get control of any surplus in these basic crops and hold it out of the market.

#### RIOTING IN CHINA

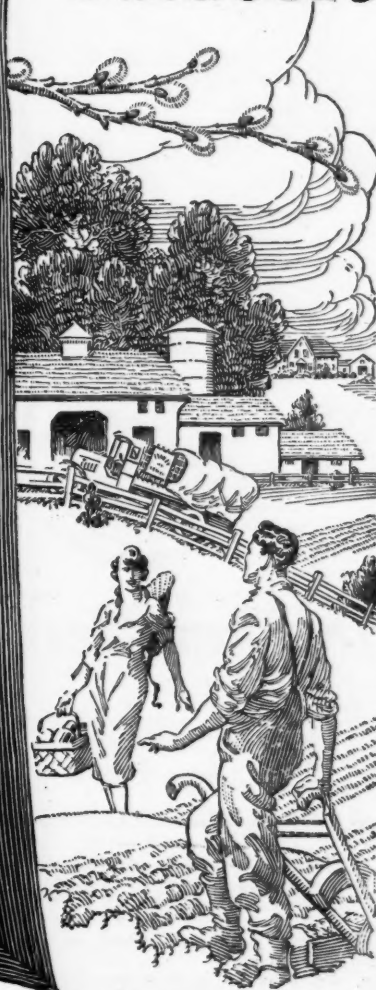
**H**ANKOW and Wuchang, the important cities of Central China lately captured by the Cantonese, have been the scenes of some very lively rioting. The coolies, inflamed by hatred of all foreigners, have been ranging destructively through the cities and have attacked the foreign concessions. The presence of British and American ships and sailors was sufficient to protect the concessions from the mob, but the women of those nations who live in Hankow have been sent down the Yangtse to a less disturbed part of China. The foreign concessions are also defended by troops of the Cantonese army, which promises to restore order. The feeling throughout South China is increasingly hostile to all foreigners, and mobs have attacked a number of missionary stations in that part of the country. So far Chiang and his army have restrained instead of encouraging the disturbances.



## Everything for Home and Family



## Everything for Farm and Outdoors



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# THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

## Motors and Generators



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

**DIRECTOR'S NOTE:** This is Councilor Young's second article on practical electricity. On the January 6 Y. C. Lab page he discussed the magnetic effect upon which all electrical machinery is based. In this issue he deals with the principles of direct-current motors and generators. Later articles will give you an excellent idea not only of how electrical machinery functions but of how you can design your own small-scale apparatus. Questions should be sent to the Director with a two-cent stamp inclosed for reply.

HAVING decided upon an electro-magnet to furnish the magnetic field, we come to the next step, which is to devise some method whereby we can lead the current to the rotating armature. In the previous article it was shown that when a loop of wire carrying current is placed in the proper position in a magnetic field it can be made to rotate. Having decided that a large number of loops would be more satisfactory than a single one, let us construct our rotating armature as shown diagrammatically in Fig. 6.

The small circles represent the end views of the wires which are mounted on the surface of the iron armature core. You will remember that the crosses represent current traveling away from you, and the dots current traveling toward you. Applying the left-hand rule (see first article of this series), you will find that all the wires near the north pole will be pushed down and those near the south pole pushed up. The armature will rotate in the direction of the curved arrows. If the armature rotates, then in a short time wire *a* will be in the position of wire *b*, and by some means or other we must arrange to change the direction of current flow in the section of wire when it passes the point *c*.



Fig. 6

### II. Direct-Current Principles

By COUNCILOR LOUIS H. YOUNG,  
S.B., S.M.

Assistant Professor of Physics, Massachusetts  
Institute of Technology

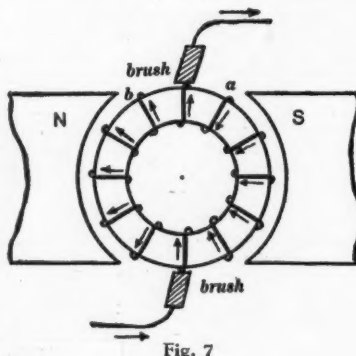


Fig. 7

#### Commutation

There are many different ways of arranging for this desired change in the flow of current. The simplest scheme is called the *ring winding*, and it is diagrammatically represented in Fig. 7. The armature is made in the form of a ring. Around it is wound a piece of insulated copper wire. The two ends of this wire are soldered together, so that the winding is endless. The insulation is scraped from the wire at the outer circumference of the ring, so that two stationary carbon blocks, called *brushes*, can make good electrical contact with the winding. If electric current is led into the lower brush and out at the upper brush, it will pass through the winding, as shown by the arrows. The portions of the windings on the outside circumference of the ring undergo side thrusts, and the armature rotates in the same direction as the one in Fig. 6. When wire *a* reaches the position *b* you will note that the direction of the current has been reversed. This scheme is called *commutation*.

### The Commutator

Many difficulties make this method of controlling the direction of the current flow of no practical value. A simple refinement will overcome the difficulties. A short piece of wire is connected to the inside of each individual turn of the endless winding. The other end of this wire is fastened to another smaller ring, as shown in Fig. 8. This ring consists of segments of copper separated from each other by insulating material and is called a *commutator*. The brushes can make good electrical contact on it, and the current flow in the winding is identical with that of Fig. 7.

### Commercial Types

The armatures of most commercial direct-current motors are of a different type, called

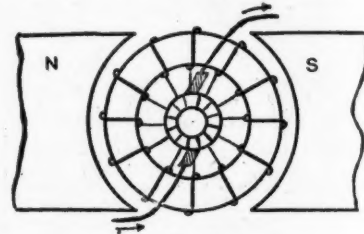


Fig. 8

the *drum armature*. Instead of a single pair of magnet poles, two, three, four or more pairs have been found to be advantageous to better operation. Such machines are called *multipolar*. A discussion of the drum winding of multipolar machines is necessarily complicated and beyond the scope of these articles. In principle, however, the commutation of the direct current motor is clearly shown by the description of the ring armature and commutator.

### Connections of Field and Armature Windings

It is possible to connect the field and armature windings to the source of electric current in a number of ways. It is customary for (Continued on page 111)

### 63rd Weekly \$5 Award

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "The Director is empowered to make a Cash Award of \$5.00 weekly to the Member or Associate Member submitting, in the Director's opinion, a project of unusual merit."



HOW much, at a guess, would you estimate the cost of the neat, sturdy, well-constructed, substantial log cabin illustrated in this column, and who was the experienced carpenter or woodsman who constructed it? The answer is that its cost was 60 cents, and that the constructor was Member Dan Knisely (14) of Everett, Wash.

Here is a truly remarkable example of the constructional possibilities open to a skillful and industrious boy. All boys have a certain amount of spare time which can well be converted into substantial profit to themselves, if they possess the necessary perseverance. There is no 14-year-old boy who would not be proud to possess such a cabin, and his pride would be greatly augmented if he could say that it was of his own construction. The construction of this particular one would do credit to a grown man, and Member Knisely is to be congratulated for presenting so excellent an evidence of capable boy-power.

We quote his letter of transmittal: "My log cabin is built of Washington red cedar logs, cut

from the surrounding woods. The entire cost was about 60 cents, for nails to put on the roof and fasten in the door frame and window frames. First I selected a spot that was high enough to be fairly dry during the rainy season, and cleared away the trees, trimming and laying aside the ones that could be used for the cabin. After digging out the stumps and leveling the ground, I began the work of constructing the walls. As I needed more logs, I enlarged the clearing. I left space for the door and three windows, which were obtained from an old building that was being torn down. The roof is made of hand-split cedar 'shakes.' The cabin is 10 by 12 ft., 6 ft. high at the eaves, 8 ft. high at the ridge."

### Proceedings

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "There shall be published every week in The Youth's Companion the current proceedings of the Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass."

JAN. 5: Still working on the second slide for the lamp. Slow progress, but it looks worth it. More work on the golf game.

JAN. 6: The golf game progresses rapidly. Building it of whitewood.

JAN. 7: The golf game is nearly done. We tried a practice round on it, and the boys are crazy about it. Tested a set of Chemcraft—a small chemical experimental outfit. Very interesting.

JAN. 8: Quite a busy day. We took seventeen still pictures and a hundred feet of movies. The movie camera worked beautifully this time, and we have hopes for an interesting film. It was about 10° above zero, and the "actors" didn't need any palm-leaf fans for keeping cool. Enamored the new golf game. It looks quite professional in its green and scarlet sleekness. Experimented further with the chemical set. We got a luscious green flame about 5 ft. high.

JAN. 10: Put a few more touches to the golf game. Started a new project, a wall bookcase. These are nice to have; you can tote them about from one room to another, and they don't take up any floor space at all. Made it out of soft pine.

### Tests and Researches

THE Technical Division of the Y. C. Lab has been working under heavy pressure. Many manufacturers have seen the great advantages in this testing service and its twofold accomplishments—the branding of reliable merchandise with the official seal of indorsement of the Y. C. Lab and the safeguarding of boys against unreliable purchases. Since the last list of indorsed manufacturers was published on November 11, the products of the following concerns have been officially indorsed as of proved worth and reliability.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.  
Murphy Brushing Lacquers  
WOLLENSAK OPTICAL CO.  
Wollensak Optical Instruments  
JOHNSON MOTOR CO.  
Johnson Outboard Motor  
INGERSOLL WATCH CO. INC.  
Ingersoll Watches  
PORTLAND MANUFACTURING CO.  
Plylock Wood  
KINGSBURY MANUFACTURING CO.  
Toy Wheeled Vehicles

### Membership Coupon

THE first step for all boys interested in the financial and scientific benefits of the Y. C. Lab is to clip the coupon below, which will immediately bring full details of how to become an Associate Member.

### Y. C. LAB ELECTION COUPON

To receive full information about membership in the Y. C. Lab, clip this coupon, fill it out, and mail it to

The Director, Y. C. Lab  
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy . . . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me an Election Blank on which I may submit my name for election to the Y. C. Lab.

Name . . . . .

Full Post Office Address . . . . .







Our Key-  
stone Pin of  
Gold and  
Blue

## The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join now!

Our aim: greater knowledge,  
skill and happiness through  
enterprises which lead to suc-  
cessful achievements

### From Our Treasure Chest

THE G. Y. C. Treasure Chest is a large one, for besides holding everything we value now it has been planned to hold all that will be considered valuable in the future! We count the answers to your questions by our expert advisers a part of our most valued treasure.

You will find these answers from time to time on the G. Y. C. page under the title "From Our Treasure Chest." Here are two of the many questions answered this week.

**Question**—Do you consider \$12.00 a fair price to pay for an old spool bed? (This does not include the cost of spring or mattress of course.)

THE G. Y. C. WORKBOX

**Answer**—If you are buying this in a city, \$10.00 to \$14.00 is the average price, but you ought to get a spool bed, old, in good condition as to broken parts, etc.,—not as to paint,—in shops outside large towns for a price from \$6.00 to \$10.00. These were last summer's prices; at the Christmas season prices are raised sometimes. There are some shops which ask as much as \$15.00, but that is much too high.

E. O. H. LARNED, G. Y. C. Expert Adviser

**Question**—If a club makes rather than buys presents to give away, should the money saved be counted as money in the treasury?



Vesta Nickerson

VESTA NICKERSON,  
Corresponding Member  
Berkeley, Calif.

**Answer**—This seems to be a very excellent way to start or increase a fund. It must be remembered, however, that three factors enter into the question.

First. How much time have you and the other members of the club given to the making of these articles? This time should be charged at proper rates, a fair price, perhaps, being 15 cents an hour. This, however, you would have to determine upon, as you are in a better position to judge what your time would be worth in your own neighborhood were you, for example, to devote it to being a mother's helper.

Second. The value of the materials used.

Third. The retail price which you would have to pay for the finished articles.

By subtracting what the articles cost in labor and material from the retail value, you are in a position to determine what amount can fairly be credited to the club. Care should be taken to itemize these three points in full when sending in your treasury report.

T. S. FITZPATRICK, G. Y. C. Expert Adviser

This is the Keystone Blank

Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

....How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

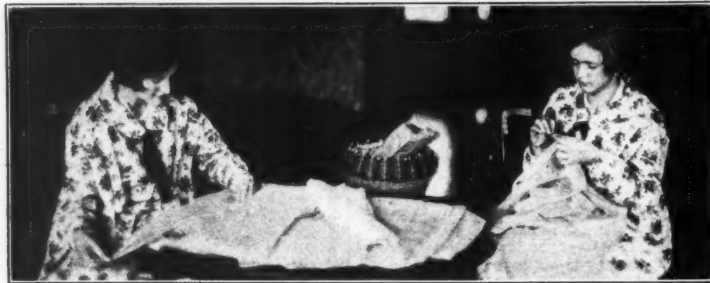
....How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am.....years old.

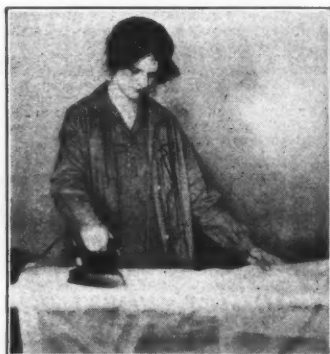
Address.....



Lucille and Helen cut and baste the curtains

### G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 23—Curtains

OUR first step toward furnishing the rest of the house outside our busy kitchen is the curtains for our many windows. We chose a net rayon because it is both sheer and sturdy—it will give us plenty of light and stand all kinds of wear.



Carola appreciates our gift from the Y. C. Lab

Every window was carefully measured from top to sill, and then to this measurement we added two and one half inches for the bottom hem and three inches for the heading at the top. Besides this, we allowed for an extra two inches in case of shrinkage after laundering. One selvage was cut from one side of each curtain and a half-inch hem made. The stitching on the curtains was done on Letitia Valentine's sewing-machine, with the exception of the little tuck allowed for shrinkage, and this we put in by hand because hand stitches are so much easier to take out than machine ones.

When our curtains were finished Carola pressed and hung them.

Now when you come to visit us we shall be able to point with pride to our first furnishing enterprise in the main part of our new house!

LUCILLE made it quite clear to us that our windows would not look finished without pretty curtain pulls—and, although we suspected her of something even deeper, we nevertheless agreed with her most heartily. We soon discovered that her love for doing crochet had prompted her to make this valuable suggestion, and it didn't take her long to get started on some dainty pulls. Since we have decided to have the dominating color in our living-room a soft shade of apple green, each pull was planned so that it would show a note of this color.

Our purchases were:

Apple-green glass curtain rings at 10 cents  
White crystal beads at two beads for 5 cents  
Long green crystal beads at 8 cents each  
A ball of écu crochet cotton, size 3, 10 cents  
(One ball of cotton made five pulls)

Thirty single crochet stitches were put on the glass ring (these cover about half the

ring), then turned, the first stitch skipped, and 28 single crochet stitches made over the first row. A chain of 3 is made in the 28th stitch and this caught back into the stitch to make a picot. Turn and make 26 stitches over the previous row, with another picot at the other end. This is repeated, leaving off the last stitch on each side, and making a picot at each end, until the last row is only one stitch. A chain 19 inches long is made, joining the last stitch. A knot of the chain is tied above the ornament and a bead strung through the chain. Another knot is tied and another bead strung, another knot and another bead, and finally a knot. The end of the chain is brought back and fastened through the last bead.



New and dainty curtains hung at each window



Lucille takes great pride in the dainty shade pulls

### Corresponding Members Just Made Active Members

Harriet Amaden, (12) N. H.  
Lelia E. Belk, (17) Mich.  
Janet L. Briggs, (12) R. I.  
Dorothy Christenson, (10) Wis.  
Jane Conklin, (10) Colo.  
Helen Austyn Coy, (15) Ill.  
Lois Ezeelen, (12) Mass.  
Alice E. Hain, (15) Ohio  
Elna M. Harling, (14) N. H.  
Mary Josephine Harvey, (16) Ind.

Estelle R. Hepburn, (15) N. J.  
Katherine Jackman, (14) Mass.  
Adelaide Jordan, (13) Maine  
Laura Knox, (10) Conn.  
Marion Moody, (17) Vt.  
Agnes Moss, (16) S. C.  
Margaret Musgrove, (12), Calif.  
Stella Parker, (12) Va.  
Louise Reid, (14) N. Y.  
Esther Richardson, (20) Conn.

Evelyn Rickard, (14) Canada  
Alice Rolph, (16) Mo.  
Anne Schneider, (18) Va.  
Martha Smelker, (15) Ohio  
Harriet L. Smith, (18) Ohio  
Ruth Scott, (16) Iowa  
Esther Temperley, (16) Mass.  
Harriet Thwing, (15) S. D.  
Polly Wade, (10) Conn.  
Alice Young, (16) N. Y.

### Fashions for the Young Girl

HAVE you ever reached a point between winter and spring when you woke up one day to see your wardrobe from an especially critical and rather discouraging point of view—when winter things seemed to need little refreshing touches here and there if they were to last attractively until it was sensible to begin to think about wearing spring clothes once more? To try to help make things "do" a bit longer, I went shopping for some smart accessories which can add touches of newness and distinction to our familiar and everyday clothes!



Belts and berets to the fore

With sports or tailored dresses you might wear one of the new imported Italian silk scarfs in Roman stripe colorings made in half-handkerchief shape—\$2.50. A good-looking leather belt is \$1.50. Berets are established in everyone's good graces now and are a pleasant change from one's hats: in a large variety of charming colors—brown, navy, red, powder blue or champagne—they will keep the most unruly hair in place when it is windy. A plain crêpe de Chine scarf with hemstitched ends is useful and good-looking to wear inside a fur-collared coat,—\$2.00,—and you may choose it in tan, open blue, peach, orchid, white or flesh coloring. A block print scarf is also charming—\$2.00.

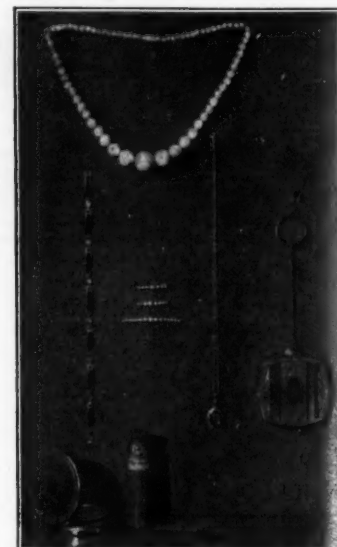
A mother-of-pearl choker is new and lovely. An exquisite "fire opal" or "star sapphire" pendant on a sterling-silver chain is lovely, too—each \$1.00. A sterling-silver flexible bracelet (\$1.50) is set with enamel in blue, black or green and is an accessory that would add life to any outfit. The attractive three-pin set of indestructible pearls strung on sterling wire is \$1.00.

For a touch of vanity there is the ever popular and dainty silver- or gold-plated case fitted with a sifter for loose powder—only 75 cents! The gold-plated case is more elaborate and is filled, as well as fitted with chain and mirror—\$3.00. The novel little perfume holder would make an amusing prize or gift to grace the pocketbook or dressing-table of the girl who appreciates the original.

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

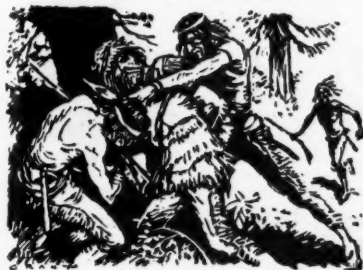


Attractive accessories are inexpensive, too



## MISCELLANY

## Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

February 7, 1778.

Daniel Boone Captured

THE founder of Kentucky, Daniel Boone, was captured by the copper-colored savage; But, handily escaping pretty soon, He saved his infant settlement from ravage.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

## GOOD THINGS OUT OF NAZARETH

The Companion's Religious Article

SO far as we know or have reason to believe there was nothing disreputable about Nazareth. Nathaniel's question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" did not imply that the town was bad, but that it was insignificant. We can answer the question, for we know that several good things came out of Nazareth.

An honest man came out of Nazareth. He was a skilled workman, a prudent manager. He could earn a living and support a family not only in his own town, but among people of his own nationality in Egypt where, for a time, he had to live. He was chivalrous, and he lent the protection of his honest name and his strong right arm to a young woman who had need of his championship. This man was of royal lineage, but he did not trade on his ancestry. He made his own way in life. His name was Joseph.

A virtuous and intelligent young woman came out of Nazareth. She had a good mind, well stored with the history and poetry of her nation. She was at once poetical and practical. She had mind and character. She was a woman whose own humanity gave shape and character to the Child whom for ten lunar months she carried under her heart, and whom she nourished in her bosom, and loved and taught. She did not understand all mysteries. There was much that she kept and pondered in her heart. But she did her duty with high and holy ardor. Her name was Mary.

A young man grew up in Nazareth and came out of it, and its name became his surname. He was called by that name during life, and that name was nailed upon the cross above Him. His name is Jesus of Nazareth.

Environment has to be reckoned with, and out of nothing nothing comes. But the locations of our expectation often disappoint us, and the world's good things come from behind its expectant vision. The mountain often labors and brings forth a mouse, while leadership, vision, salvation, come out of Nazareth.

Nowhere is skepticism of Nazareth's power to send out great men more dominant than in Nazareth itself. Not many people in Nazareth are ready to believe that any greater men have left it than those who remain in it. An eminent man may convince the world of his greatness, while his own home town still remembers his boyhood limitations.

The last edition of "Who's Who" divides America's conspicuous men into three classes. The largest group does not come either from the farms or from the cities, but from the small towns. The world owes much to its Nazareths and has much yet to expect from them.

## KNEE-JOINT INJURIES

The Companion's Medical Article

EVERY sport has its own form of injury, some of the arm or elbow, some of the hands, of the shoulder, and so forth, but the knee is apt to suffer more or less severely in any of the outdoor sports, whether tennis, baseball, football, cricket, skiing or skating. Not all injuries of the knee are serious, but any and all of them may become so, if not promptly and properly treated.

The bones do not lock in the kneejoint,

and its integrity and usefulness therefore depend wholly upon the condition of its ligaments and muscles, which serve very materially in strengthening the joint. Consequently any loss of tone in or injury to the muscles weakens the joint. That is shown in the fact that joint injuries are more apt to occur when one suddenly begins outdoor work after a winter of physical idleness, without first toning up the muscles by graduated exercises.

In all sprains of the joint, whether or not there is actual tearing of some of the ligamentous fibres, there is swelling with increased heat; the former is due to swelling of the internal lubricating membranes and to the effusion of fluid, the latter to congestion of blood in the knee with imminent inflammation. Very soon the muscles moving the joint, especially those on the front of the thigh, become weaker and slightly atrophied.

The problems involved in the cure are to reduce the swelling, take down the inflammation and restore the nutrition of the muscles of the joint. The treatment is directed first to causing absorption of the fluid, so that the over-stretched ligaments may close down upon the joint and give it the needed support. This is effected by rest, snug bandaging and the application of heat, or of alternate hot and cold douching, to increase the blood supply. The muscles must be toned up by massage and by voluntary contractions, while the joint itself is prevented from moving.

If the signs point to a strain or rupture of some of the fibres of the tendons, the knee should be kept slightly bent, and even after walking is resumed full extension should be prevented for a time, by adding a few layers of leather or rubber to the heel of the shoe. Before the patient is pronounced cured the muscles must be in good shape—full sized and hard, so as to aid the ligaments in shielding the joint from further injury.

## A BELIEVER IN DARKNESS SAVING

ONCE a city man out of work had "hired out" to a farmer. At four o'clock in the morning, says Everybody's, the newly employed hired man was called to breakfast. A few minutes later the old farmer was astonished to see the man walking off down the road.

"Say! Come back and eat breakfast 'fore you go to work!" he yelled.

"I'm not goin' to work," the man called back. "I'm going to find a place where I can stay all night."

## SIMPLICITY ITSELF

A WOMAN at a luncheon party said to a famous sculptor, "I always think sculpture must be very difficult. Isn't it?" To which the sculptor modestly replied, "Oh, no. All you have to do is to get a block of marble and a chisel and knock off all the marble you don't want."

—The Argonaut

## THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining; not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend. We shall be glad to have our readers tell us whether they find the list valuable, and the pictures well chosen.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION  
BLUE-RIBBON LIST

Lazy Lightnin'—Universal

An original sort of cowboy who found the way to health for a little sick lad. Art Accord and Bobby Gordon

The Better 'Ole—Warner Brothers

Bruce Bairnsfather's "Old Bill" lives over on the screen his ups and downs in the Great War. Syd Chaplin

The Overland Stage—First National

The romance of road building and of the great transportation systems in the Far West. Ken Maynard and Rex, his horse

The Flaming Forest—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The stirring story of the founding of the Northwest Mounted Police—Antonio Moreno and Renée Adorée

Lone-Hand Saunders—F. B. O.

A surgeon who has turned cowboy resumes his profession to save an orphan's life. Fred Thompson and Silver King

Upstage—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A conceited little variety performer learns humility and consideration for others. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw

# LISTEN CHILDREN CAPTAIN COOKY

## IS COMING TO TOWN!

THIS funny little fellow has the most exciting adventures and he is ready to tell you all about them—if you want to hear.

His book called, "Comical Cruises of Captain Cooky," tells his story in the jolliest kind of rhymes.

You will love the way it ripples on and on and makes you feel as though you were right on the spot

while it all was happening.

The book is full of thrilling pictures, too. And it shows mother how to make the most fascinating cookies and cakes and many, many other good things that boys and girls like to eat.

You may have this book free—just clip the coupon and mail it today.

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, Dept. 14, 110 E. 41st St. New York City

Please send me—free—my copy of "Comical Cruises of Captain Cooky," with its rhymes and pictures and directions for making good things to eat.

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### HOME Gardens

The delight of home gardening—the joy of "seeing them grow" can be yours. Send today for **ISBELL'S SEED ANNUAL**. Over 400 illustrations—20 pages in natural colors. **FREE** It tells what and how to plant, to grow prize winning vegetables and flowers. Guaranteed seed of quality. Write today. S. M. Isbell & Co., Seed Growers, 427 Mechanic Street, JACKSON, MICH. (96-A)

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Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy. Mfrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

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Our plan makes it possible for you to test the **HIGH-GRADE, FIRST QUALITY New Companion Sewing Machine** IN YOUR HOME for three months before deciding. If unsatisfactory we return your money and take back machine at our expense. We offer choice of eleven styles (foot treadle, electric, and rotary), guarantee for 25 years, pay the freight, and sell at a very low price. A postal request brings descriptive booklet and attractive terms of purchase by return mail. **THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.**

### Cough-Colds

For the relief of bronchial cough or nasal colds, Vaporized Cresolene has been recommended for nearly 20 years. Drugs are avoided. The patient rests and breathes the air permeated with antiseptic vapor. Cresolene is widely used for bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, bronchial asthma, and croup.

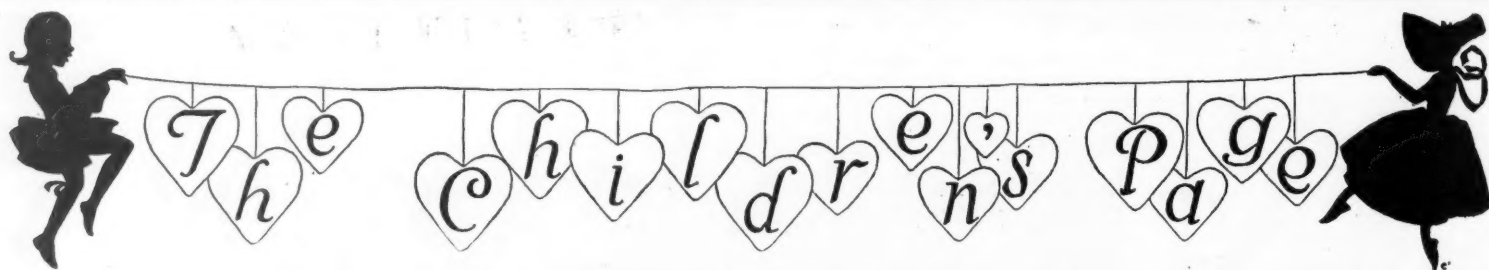
Send for descriptive booklet, 82C Sold by druggists. **THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.** 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leominster, Mass., Montreal, Canada

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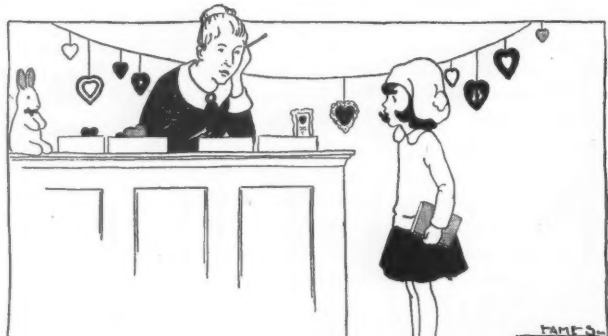
FOR a week or more Sylvia Dunn had been trying hard to think of a suitable valentine for Grandma. It was not an easy task, because Grandma was an unusually lovely and lacy old lady, and common, ordinary valentines were not good enough, Sylvia thought. Candy hearts or heart-shaped cakes or

## AN OLD-FASHIONED VALENTINE

BY WINIFRED LIVINGSTONE BRYNING

Illustrations by MARY EAMES

rather see you than a valentine. She is quite lonely sometimes, and being an invalid she is always glad of visitors."



cookies would not do, because Grandma could not eat sweet things. Worst of all, there was not a single valentine in Breamer's general store that would do for a grandmother. They were all too gay and childish, and some of the verses were silly.

"I want something beautiful and serious-looking for my grandmother," Sylvia had told the storekeeper. "Something silvery and lavenderish, with lace on it or little old-fashioned bouquets."

"I have nothing of the kind," the storekeeper had replied, and Sylvia had gone away feeling deeply disappointed.

Valentine's Day was so near, too. "Why don't you run over on Valentine's Day and see Grandma?" said her mother. "I'm sure she would

"But I wish I could take her something," sighed Sylvia. "I've tried to think of an eatable valentine, but she doesn't eat sweet things. I want to give her something old-fashioned and lacy."

Suddenly Sylvia had an idea. She gave a little squeal and ran out of the room.

When she reached her own bedroom, she opened the door of the wardrobe and took a long look at something that hung there. Then she pulled down an old, battered hat from the top of the cupboard. It was much too ugly to wear, but it had a bunch of some kind of lavender flowers in front. Sylvia snipped them off with a pair of scissors. It was a hat that nobody wanted anyway.

"I won't even tell Mother about my plan until Valentine's Day," said Sylvia, "and it will surprise her too."

When Valentine's

"I want something beautiful and serious-looking for my grandmother," Sylvia told the storekeeper

Day came Grandmother Dunn was sitting in a rocker by her window and knitting. She was feeling a little better than usual, and so she was not in bed. She wanted to get all she could of the February sunshine. As her needles clicked busily, she heard the front door bell ring. It was answered by Molly, the maid and housekeeper who took care of the old lady.

Then Grandma Dunn heard the door open and Molly's voice exclaim: "Lawksy me, Miss Sylvia—don't you look—"

"Sh—sh—" said Sylvia's voice, and then there was a stifled giggle.

Mrs. Dunn wondered what the excitement was about. What was it that Sylvia looked like? She hoped nothing had happened.

"I suppose Sylvia's bringing me a valentine," she thought, and smiled to herself.

Then there was a patter of feet in the hall, and a little figure burst into the room.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Grandma Dunn. "What a pretty picture! It must have stepped out of an old-fashioned valentine!"

It was indeed a very pretty picture that Sylvia made. She had on her lace party dress and an old lavender sash round her waist. On her head

was a wreath of the old, lavender flowers that she had taken from the hat, and in her right hand she held a lavender sachet bag that a cousin had given her.

"I'm your own valentine, Granny dear!" cried Sylvia Dunn, and she gave her grandmother a good hug that nearly

knocked the old lady's glasses off her nose.

"A nice, old-fashioned valentine, too!" declared Grandma. "'Lavender and old lace.' Dear me, lavender scented and all!"

"Were you surprised?" asked Sylvia.

"Surprised and delighted," answered Grandma, and indeed she was, as anyone could see from the smile on her kindly, wrinkled face. "Now, my dear, sit down and eat the heart cookies that Molly made



"Gracious me!" exclaimed Grandma Dunn. "What a pretty picture!"

for you. I felt sure you were coming today, so I told her to make some, even though I don't eat them myself."

## HOW TO TELL

By

Pringle Barret

The peacock's tail is big and broad,  
The rabbit's short and snappy;  
But Rover's tail is useful, for  
It tells you when he's happy!



Illustration by Dorothy Lake Gregory

## WELCOME WINTER!

By Russell Gordon Carter

Winter air, winter sky, sparkling winter weather—

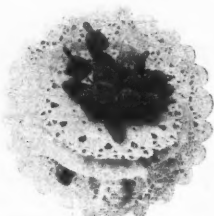
Snowflakes on a branch of pine,  
Five of them together.

Snowflakes here, snowflakes there,  
pretty snowflakes falling—

That's the way it always is  
When Winter comes a-calling!



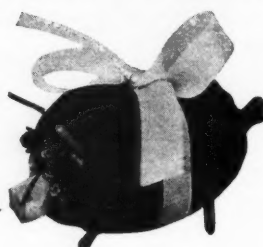
I'm the Candy Soldier brave with a disposition sweet,  
And I march all day on my little gumdrop feet.  
I'll stick to my gun to protect you fine  
If you'll promise to be my own true Valentine!



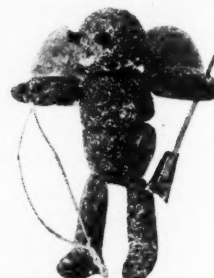
This Bouquet is a Valentine handy;  
It's nice to wear, though made of candy.  
When you are tired of looking "sweet"  
Just pick the blossoms off to eat.

## Make Valentines To Eat

By G. E. Hanley



Please eat this Valentine Figgy Pig  
And then my heart will dance a jig,  
Because you'll care more than a fig!



Of Valentine's Day I am a token;  
Please eat me up before I get broken!  
My arms and my feet and my arrow, too,  
And my gumdrop head will taste good to you.

Detailed directions about how to make these and three more original valentines to eat will be sent you for 4 cents in stamps.

The Editor of the Children's Page  
8 Arlington Street Boston, Massachusetts



# My Father and I

By ROBERT CARVER NORTH

## CHAPTER 2.

Saturday, November 6, 1926. Less cold this morning. So we took things slowly, and finally at 10 A.M. set out with our guns into the fine wooded country to the west. After we had traveled about an hour, father using his compass, we hit our own tracks. We had made a circle. We now looked at both compasses. They didn't agree a bit. In fact they pointed almost in opposite directions. There is iron in some of the rock around here. Apparently we were in the midst of it.

Today we visited together a lot. It's funny—sometimes all day we don't say much. We've never divided camp work, but each sort of does what comes his way. Father rows, carries the heavier loads in portaging, pitches the tent, arranges the blankets, packs up, gets the larger wood and cooks breakfast. I carry my pack and light things, steer the canoe, cook cereals, dehydrated potatoes and beans, make fires, and here I saw fire wood. By using dry birch bark and dead pine twigs broken off the body of trees from under the foliage I get a good fire going quickly. Sometimes we talk a lot. I have had father tell me about Congress and state legislatures, about various Presidents and Mexico and the Inquisition, which has a part in "The Phantom Ship," and about the Mormons and the California vigilantes. Sometimes, too, we get silent spells and go along entirely satisfied, hardly saying a word, either of us.

We haven't seen anybody now for over a week.

Monday, November 8, 1926. Last night was the cold, freezing one we wished, and of all weird, supernatural noises none could equal the sounds made by the expanding and hardening of the ice during the night.

After a big breakfast we broke camp, packed up, and at 10.45 A.M. were on the way. We made about a mile an hour, there being just enough snow on the ice to make the travois hard to pull.

Tuesday, November 9, 1926. I felt the cold last night. Comparing the night with others, we figured the temperature at twenty-five below zero. The thermometer, however, got broken. It's queer, but every unusually beautiful sunset we've had has been followed by either a storm or a big cold.

We quickly packed up our outfit, placed it in the canoe, put the canoe on the travois again and, taking our places in the limber shafts, started slowly along southward. After some time we began to get near the little Ojibway cabin. I was looking ahead, recognizing the narrows by the cabin, when suddenly I saw a moving object coming through the narrows. It was a long narrow toboggan with two men, the first we had seen since the 29th of last month.

## Prospectors and Indians

The toboggan was a fine one, about twelve feet long and just over a foot wide. Its two-hundred-pound load was well roped on. The draw rope was in the hands of an old squat man. The other man was pushing from behind with a long pole. He was tall and young. Both men were dressed warmly. The short man spoke first. He looked me over and, grinning, kindly said: "Son, this is a great trip for a healthy boy. It will make you reliant, a real man. May I dance at your wedding!" He and I stood of a height. I'm within half an inch of five feet. But my, his powerful breadth and broad shoulders!

Exchanging good wishes, we all said good-by and went on our ways.

Wednesday, November 10, 1926. Early this morning I noticed two men with guns walking along near the shore of the bay opposite our cabin. We soon saw they were Indians, the young fellow being perhaps seventeen or eighteen, the other twice that age. The young fellow wore a cap, a dark sweater, dark trousers under blue overalls and moccasins bound about his ankles. The other was dressed about the same, only he had a stiff-visored cap. Each had a Winchester rifle.



Robert dragging the canoe on a travois, or framework of runners

Thursday, November 11, 1926. Snowed last night. This morning we got down a white birch tree and sawed out three six-foot logs to make a sled. Some one came up outside the door. It proved to be the two Indian trappers of yesterday morning. They came in and were enveloped in smoke. They did not know about escaping it by bending quickly, and the result was they were almost crying immediately from the smoke. Father made signs for them to sit down and shut the door, for the cold air came in. They squatted down and closed the door. Gourdonne, the younger Indian, was as smiling as ever, the older man was just as glum and solemn.

Father reached for the frying pan and bacon and asked if they wanted something to eat. The young Indian replied, "Maybe." Presently the bacon was ready, and father added hardtack for each. They didn't know what to make of the hardtack, but ate it down quickly. There was a long silence. Then father spoke, "You want to sleep here? Plenty room in cabin." "No," was the answer. "Where you sleep tonight?" inquired father. "Buck," answered Gourdonne. Then for the first time he spoke first. "Deer out here," he said. "Big deer?" inquired father. "No," came the answer. Another long silence, broken by father. "Let's see." In a second they were both up and out the door, the other Indian and I following. On the ice by our water hole was a two-point buck—what the prospectors call a red deer. They are quite numerous hereabouts and only about half the size of our Adirondack deer. In about thirty seconds the Indians had skinned out a hind leg, cut it off with a hunting knife and given us this fine piece of venison. Gourdonne refused any payment, pointing to his mate as the one who had killed the deer. They had two cords tied to the antlers.

Each Indian now took hold of a cord, and off they went down the lake.

Saturday, November 13, 1926. Today we made a sled from boards we had hewed by hand all yesterday. It is 5½ feet long and 14 inches wide, and has just two runners. This work done we went into the cabin.

Father left the cabin to chase a buck he heard outside. When he came back he called to me—I was in the cabin—to build up the fire and stir the rice, for about a mile down the lake was a man coming our way and leading two dogs. It proved to be Mr. G. F. Potter, the prospector. We asked him to have dinner with us, but he said he must hurry along and make Savan by night. He was taking in with him two large fierce-looking German police dogs to guard his gold. He was most pleasant. We had a nice chat, and father took a picture of him, of me and of the dogs all together on the ice. His parting words to me as he started briskly away were, "Well, Robert, when I see you again I expect you will be a grown man." I answered, "If you stay in this country, you will see me next year."

Prospectors, deer, big dogs, gold: excitements seem to have sought our very door. It has certainly been a full, thrilling day.

TO BE CONCLUDED



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Gentlemen: I am sending you on the attached sheet the name and address of a new subscriber for The Youth's Companion. As my reward for so doing please send me a copy of Zane Grey's new book "Under the Tonto Rim." I am enclosing \$2.00 for the new subscription and 25 cents extra for the book.

# Thousands of Dollars in Prizes

## for 200 Companion Readers

### Q. Who will get the prizes?

- A. The 200 people who secure and send us the most new subscriptions to The Youth's Companion before the close of the Great Hundredth Anniversary Subscription Contest.

### Q. How many subscriptions are necessary to win?

- A. Since the prizes go to those who send the *most* subscriptions, it is impossible to answer this question. Judging from the present standing (see list), however, it may be clearly seen that some will win prizes for comparatively small numbers of subscriptions.

### Q. How are the prizes awarded?

- A. The first prize goes to the person sending the largest number of subscriptions; the second prize to the person sending the next largest number of subscriptions, and so on down through the list of 200 winners.

### Q. Are these prizes the only reward offered?

- A. No. You receive a Premium (or a Cash Premium of 50 cents) for each new subscription, in addition to the big prize.

### Q. Who can enter the contest?

- A. Any Companion subscriber or member of his household.

## SOME OF THE 200 BIG PRIZES

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Dodge Automobile  
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Upright Player Piano  
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Radiola 20  
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Solid Gold Hamilton Watch  
Prism Binocular, 8 Power  
Solid Gold Waltham Watch

See The Companion  
of OCTOBER 21, 1926  
for full particulars.  
Copy sent FREE  
on request.

### Q. When does the contest close?

- A. On March 1. All orders mailed at your post office up to midnight on that date will count regardless of the time the orders reach us. This gives an equal chance to all.

### Q. Is an outfit required?

- A. No. We will send order blanks and sample copies if you ask for them, but don't wait for these to come. Use your own Youth's Companion for a sample and send orders on any kind of paper.

### Q. Is there time to win if I start now?

- A. Yes. There are 15 working days left. If you get but one order a day you have an excellent chance.

### How The Contest Stood January 14

<b>CLASS 1</b>	230	Edward C. Goodhub, Indiana	9
L. C. Shank, New Mexico		Elmer Herrick, Illinois	9
<b>CLASS 2</b>		Anne Jackson, Tennessee	9
S. T. R. Revell, Georgia	214	J. E. Lipscombe, Jr., Virginia	9
<b>CLASS 3</b>		I. Livingston, New Hampshire	9
Carter H. Rice, Alabama	157	Mrs. C. W. Lowell, Maine	9
<b>CLASS 4</b>		Horace Moremen, Florida	9
Nellie E. Detwiler, Ohio	155	Alice C. Norton, Maine	9
<b>CLASS 5</b>		Rulon W. Oldham, Utah	9
Mrs. E. P. Harling, Kansas	121	John S. Warfel, Pennsylvania	9
<b>CLASS 6</b>		E. F. Warren, Massachusetts	9
Mrs. Wm. R. Doel, Mass.	74	Mrs. E. K. Wyllie, New York	9
<b>CLASS 7</b>		Constance Barton, B. C., Can.	8
Rachel S. Browne, Maine	72	<b>CLASS 15</b>	
<b>CLASS 8</b>		Mary B. Campbell, Tennessee	8
Mrs. S. L. Dunham, Montana	46	James W. Caulkett, Pa.	8
<b>CLASS 9</b>		F. E. Collins, Mississippi	8
C. W. Cloud, Illinois	45	Harold Conklin, North Dakota	8
<b>CLASS 10</b>		Mrs. R. S. Copeland, Penn.	8
W. J. Madden, Virginia	39	Joe Daugherty, Virginia	8
<b>CLASS 11</b>		Chloe Deaton, Arkansas	8
Erwin Schnieber, Michigan	38	Everett Dobson, California	8
Mrs. C. D. Head, Tennessee	36	Elizabeth Fernald, New Jersey	8
Mrs. W. W. Roy, New Jersey	36	Mrs. W. S. Harrison, Tenn.	8
F. T. Swarthout, Michigan	36	Helen G. Hoyda, North Dak.	8
R. W. Starr, Pennsylvania	35	Mrs. O. K. James, Washington	8
<b>CLASS 12</b>		Mrs. Jessie B. Johnson, S. Dak.	8
Rev. S. G. Hutton, Florida	32	Verne Johnson, Jr., West Va.	8
Mrs. Cora Ferguson, Texas	31	James F. McKinney, West Va.	8
James Bockoven, Arizona	26	Pauline Nash, Ohio	8
C. R. Silver, Wisconsin	26	W. M. Osborn, North Dakota	8
E. O. Anderson, New Hampshire	25	Paul L. Reynolds, Ohio	8
Edith Mitchell, Winnipeg, Can.	25	Howard L. Smith, New Jersey	8
Margaret White, Texas	24	Eleanor R. Williams, West Va.	8
Emerson E. Strahman, Wisconsin	23	O. W. Wray, Kansas	8
Arthur Santmier, Oklahoma	22	Constance K. Bard, New York	7
Ernest Evans, Pennsylvania	21	Charles Bayly, Ohio	7
<b>CLASS 13</b>		C. N. Bertels, California	7
Mrs. A. G. Page, Iowa	21	Lois C. Brown, Vermont	7
Isabel Jane Clow, California	20	Margaret A. Brown, Penn.	7
Eunice A. Ellis, Delaware	20	Beulah Buschert, Alberta, Can.	7
James H. Hull, Illinois	20	Jean Cass, Minnesota	7
Mrs. D. A. Colter, Alberta, Can.	18	C. G. Cockburn, North Dakota	7
Edwin W. Kibbe, New York	18	Ida F. Dawson, Virginia	7
John C. Baker, Indiana	17	Neil F. Dinning, Quebec, Can.	7
Chas. R. Stark, 3rd, D. C.	17	Mrs. Leanna Driftmier, Iowa	7
Josephine Bane, West Virginia	16	Mrs. Eliza Fasig, Illinois	7
Gerald Carner, New York	16	Theodore E. Fischer, Penn.	7
H. R. & C. Hanson, Newfoundland	16	Lois Fristoe, Illinois	7
Laura A. Hatch, Illinois	16	Mrs. Levi A. Groves, Ont., Can.	7
Mrs. Chester Ashby, Virginia	15	Lawrence Harmon, Mississippi	7
Bess F. Blanding, Michigan	15	Walter M. Hart, Kansas	7
Russell Moran, California	15	Ralph E. Heilman, Pennsylvania	7
Mrs. E. C. Andrews, Montana	14	Phyllis Huntley, Pennsylvania	7
Mrs. E. L. Chambers, Maryland	14	C. C. Ingalls, Indiana	7
Arthur N. Ingersoll, New Jersey	14	John W. Irving, Pennsylvania	7
Mrs. F. H. Kimble, Pennsylvania	14	Earle H. Johnson, New Jersey	7
Laura A. Weil, Ohio	14	Howard Johnson, Jr., D. C.	7
Mrs. L. A. Bishop, Wyoming	13	M. & Margaret Kantz, California	7
Verena Bollman, Wyoming	13	Mrs. D. A. Kommel, Pennsylvania	7
Mrs. J. E. Channell, Georgia	13	Mrs. Elinor Lamoreaux, Mass.	7
Stanley Lilian, Washington	13	Carrie E. Maule, Ohio	7
H. A. Phelps, New York	13	Elton Morde, Massachusetts	7
<b>CLASS 14</b>		Clinton B. Newell, Mass.	7
Mrs. W. C. Swank, Pa.	13	Marion Smale, Illinois	7
Malcolm B. Vilas, Jr., Ohio	13	Charles F. Pangle, West Va.	7
Mrs. Geo. E. Bellows, Missouri	12	John S. Roden, Connecticut	7
Mrs. C. A. Bisbee, Massachusetts	12	Nannie Law Roth, Arkansas	7
Roland Ketchum, Arkansas	12	Daniel H. Sanders, Jr., N. Y.	7
Thomas Nash, Montana	12	Mrs. J. O. Sibert, Idaho	7
K. & P. Potter, Pennsylvania	12	Mary Alice Smith, Ohio	7
Albert A. Rose, Kansas	12	Rev. V. A. Spicker, Washington	7
Alva Runyon, Iowa	12	Mrs. Evan Thomas, West Va.	7
Walter See, Ohio	12	Mrs. Henry Way, Texas	7
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		Elizabeth Massie, Missouri	6
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		Annie L. Morris, Ohio	6

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